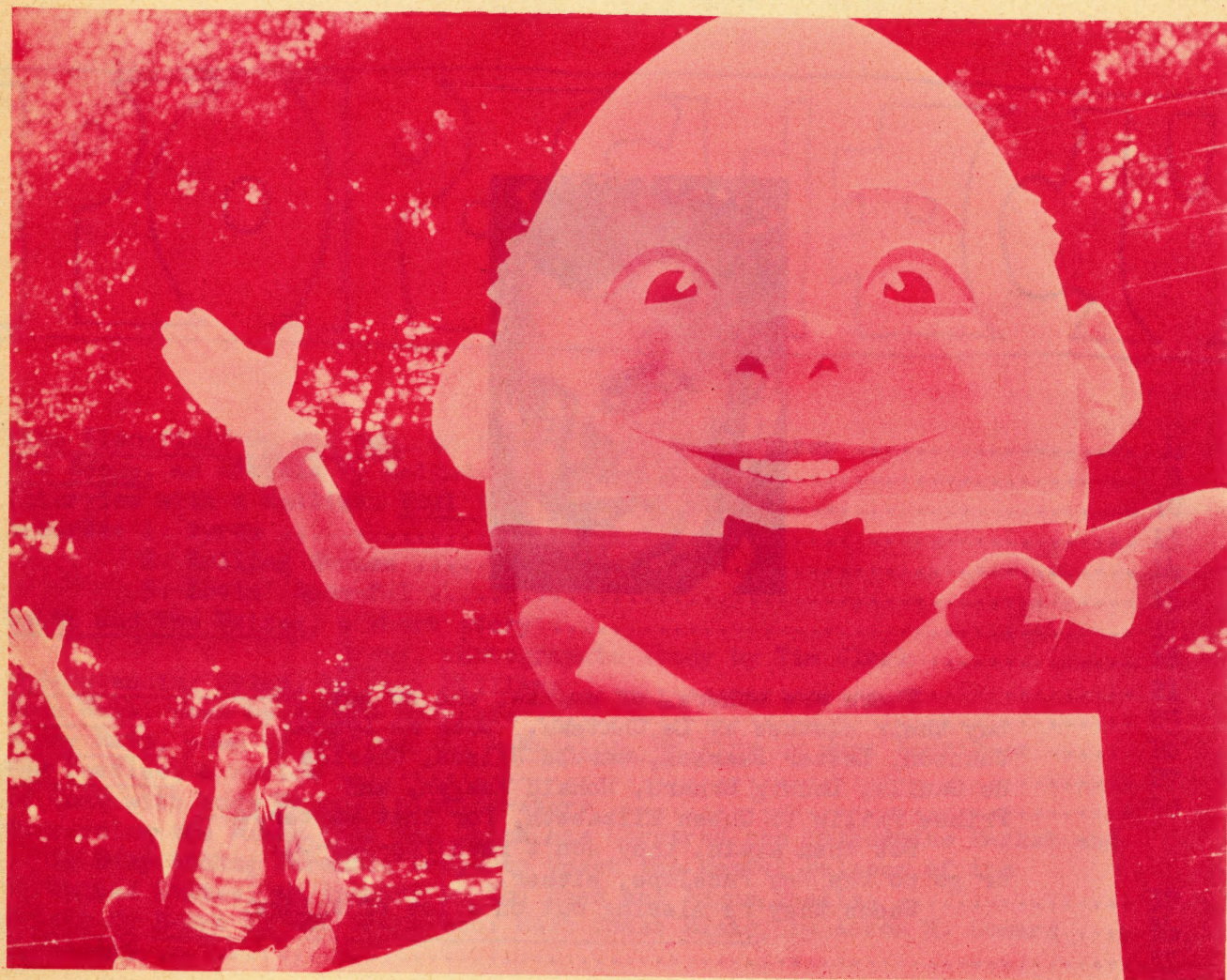


# 12025444

**June•July**

**35 cents**



**Inside: BUTTERFIELD Blues Band; PAUL KRASSNER; At Home with WARHOL; ROLLING STONES; DYLAN; Fiction, reviews...**



# HE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE.



There are others, of course, who do not buy their clothes at Le Chateau. Such as Lyndon Johnson, Lester Pearson, Harold Wilson, Charles de Gaulle, Ludwig Erhard, Ronald Reagan, and Prince Philip (& Queen Elizabeth, for that matter).

But then again, they don't read Pop-See-Cul or go to the New Penelope, either.

Seems they're missing out on a lot of things.

LE CHATEAU, 1310 Ste. Catherine St. West, Montreal



publisher: Si Dardiok; editors: Juan Rodriguez, Doug Storey (New York); associate editor: Alan Jassby (Boston); photography: Tim Clark; bring back howdy doody now!

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# POP-SEE-CUL

Mike Bloomfield On His Own, an interview by Doug Storey .....	4
Now Scope, an article by Melinda McCracken .....	8
Interview with a Realist: <u>Paul Krassner</u> .....	10
Records: 1. Byrds .....	13
2. Rolling Stones .....	14
3. Lovin' Spoonful .....	15
Death and the Maiden, a short story .....	17
<u>Trees</u> , photographic study by Tim Clark .....	18
Understanding Dylan, by Paul Williams .....	21
Dawn Walk, poem by Robert McKenzie .....	25
Sunny Rain, poem by Kay Brainin & <u>Walking, Walking</u> by Juan Rodriguez .....	26
The Beatles, a review .....	27
At Home with <u>Andy Warhol</u> , picture-story .....	30
Concerning the Rumor that Red China has Cornered the Methedrine Market and Is Busy Adding Paranoia Drops to Upset the Mental Balance of the United States, an inquiry by Lou Reed and Angus MacLise .....	32
I Left My Heart in San Francisco: <u>West Coast Music</u> , by Aaron W. Howard ....	34
Editorial .....	37

Next Issue of Pop-See-Cul: Articles on Frank Zappa, the Mothers (big picture spread), poet & singer Leonard Cohen, White Blues groups, the Beatles, Marshall McLuhan, the War, and Is there such a word as Total Environment?



# MIKE BLOOMFIELD NOWHISE AN INTERVIEW

Until recently, Mike Bloomfield was the lead guitarist for the Butterfield Blues Band. Since this interview was conceived he has left the band to experiment on his own. Many consider him the finest electric guitar player today; he could be termed a living legend, as he has been a major influence on the great crop of white blues bands. He has been a back-up musician for such artists as Bob Dylan, Peter, Paul & Mary, John Hammond and the Chicago Loop. His following comments, although made while he was still with the Band, are pertinent. Interviewer: Doug Storey, New York.

PSC: What are your thoughts on the apparent fusion of Blues and Raga?

M.B.: Blues and Raga? I don't think they can be fused in any way. They are completely separate from one another.

PSC: What is the band planning to do in the future?

M.B.: Make a great deal of money! Musically? Continue. Elvin, Jerome and I are going to become much better singers. And we are going to feature our voices in harmony and separately.

PSC: What are your interests in music?

M.B.: B.B. King, modern blues, lots of folk music, hillbilly music and some forms of jazz.

PSC: How has your experience in backing up other performers helped you as a musician?

M.B.: They haven't helped me at all. I wasn't as good as I am now when I played with Dylan. Sessions have helped me a lot, learning to cope with situations. But the greatest musical asset I've had was working with two bands: this one and the band before.

PSC: How do you find playing one-night concerts and playing the road, compared to being at one spot?

M.B.: When we played at 'Big John's' it was different because it was the first band that had played there and we could do anything we wanted to. Doing the road and playing one-nighters you have to be much more professional. You can't let the guard down. Playing in a club like 'Big John's' you can play 30 choruses, you can goof, you can do instrumentals, improvisations, just trying things out; but when you're doing a show you have got to be polished.

PSC: You're what you might call the most popular underground group right now; but under-



ground groups are coming more in the open now. What's this going to do to underground music?

M.B.: These groups that are underground are not underground by choice. It's a drag that they're underground. Underground groups should be above ground making a fortune. When we become above ground that means we'll start making a lot of money. That's what above ground means. Underground means not making any money. The novelty and the mystery will be gone but we'll be playing the same music. Above ground means that we'll be making a lot of money, the masses will accept you. That will happen only when we get a hit single or get on the Ed Sullivan Show. When we're on the Ed Sullivan Show then we will become above ground. When we get a hit single and we're on the Ed Sullivan Show then we'll be like on a 'hill' When we get two hit singles and play the Sullivan show and the Palladium we will not only be on a hill, we'll be on a mountain!

PSC: What's going to happen to blues when the old-timers are gone?

M.B.: They'll be other cats to take over. The idiom will not die.

PSC: Right now there's a lot of white blues bands from all over the country ...

M.B.: Right. Nowhere as good as us.

PSC: Okay. Are these the people you expect to take over?

M.B.: No, because most of these groups aren't doing anything worth shit. As far as the traditional blues forms go, there are cats who are reworking it into their own bag and making beautiful groovy music, you know, taking the blues forms, but as far as playing the forms as they are, there's no one who's doing it except us. There's cats like Tim Hardin and Buzz Lindhart who've taken blues and make it into their own style and reworking it into artistry of the highest form. But as far as playing the traditional blues, the way we are, and we're out of that now, there are just none of them that play like we do. I don't think the white groups are going to carry on the tradition. It'll be the young Negroes who'll carry on. Anywhere where there's a good percentage of Southern Negroes, you're going to find

good blues. Chicago and Detroit have a lot of Southern Negroes in there, while New York doesn't as much.

PSC: Do you feel blues is coming closer to jazz?

M.B.: No. Jazz is coming closer to blues. The jazz cats are now really discovering their roots and their soul. Ten years ago and five years ago they started rediscovering, digging blues again, after putting it down frightfully. Just fucking the older Negro generation in its ass. The younger jazz cats finally started looking back and re-discovering their Negro-ness and they can go fuck themselves as far as I'm concerned. They can play now, they all play now; there's a million of them, you know, 'soul with grits', 'harmony with hammocks', 'black skin negro and jazz' and now of course there's the ultimate culmination, the Lerol Jones' and the Archie Shepps where their music now is so ultra black that it's unrelated to anything that has solid Afro-roots. Solid Negro anthropological roots. They're making their music, music that's anthropologically different; that's how ridiculously they're retarding the concept.

PSC: You're planning to switch around instruments and sing and Paul is playing alto sax now. What are you aiming for by doing this?

M.B.: Everybody in the group is becoming better and better musicians as the time goes by. And not only that, everybody's becoming more cohesive in getting their heads together and playing together. And the tastes that were very dissepate are getting together now and we haven't pushed ourselves in any way, we're just letting ourselves flow together. That's why we have a unique individual sound. The basic criteria is taste, you know, we won't do anything that just won't make it. Too many groups just hack around; they play 45 minutes of experimenting and half the time they are making it and half the time they are not. If we do 45 minutes, we do 45 minutes of music that makes it. It's not like our album.

PSC: What are the significant differences between your first and second album?

M.B.: The first album is much better. Because the music was idiomatically correct, it swung harder, it was played with enthusiasm and several of the takes of the first album were takes when the band was cooking. There were no takes at all like that on the second album. It was spliced together.

PSC: You said that Blues and Raga couldn't



fuse. But don't you do some raga on this album?

M.B.: Yeah, but it's nothing to do with blues. First of all, Indian music and Afro-American music have similarities. The drones, certain notes, and you can put certain scales against certain patterns and it will work, but I believe the two idioms are very separate. One is more sophisticated musically than the other in many ways. We do one piece ('East West') which is a combination of three separate modes, three separate feelings: 1) a minor blues feeling; 2) an Indian motif feeling; and 3) a major Latinish calypso type of feeling. But I don't believe you can throw in Indian riffs everywhere in blues because it's just not in blues.

PSC: Where, generally, do you think popular music is going?

M.B.: Now, everyday it's getting finer, cleaner, tighter, more intricate, more complex, influenced by different forms of music. You ought to know where it's going, just look at the Beatles.

PSC: Do you think that Beatles' song "Love You To" is representative of what will come?

M.B.: No, because that is the only rock song that actually sounds Indian to me. It's sort of like a little raga. It's far too Indian for any of the other rock bands to really catch on to. Because George Harrison is really obviously into Indian music. Music is getting much more electronic. Electronic music is going to take over. Soon orchestras with horns will be electrified soon. Like Aldous Huxley said, people won't want to just hear their music, they'll want to feel it, they'll want it to bombard their senses, to freak them out.

PSC: Do you like what people like the Beatles and Donovan are doing right now?

M.B.: Yeah, I like 'Mellow Yellow' very much.

PSC: Do you think Sonny Boy Williamson II was the major influence on Paul?

M.B.: No. If you want to look at it chronologically, this style of playing the harp as a lead instrument, the first to play lead fills was Jazz Gillham. Then the next guy was Sonny Boy I, John Lee Williamson. And then Sonny Boy II

and Little Walter. There's other guys too. The guy from the Memphis Jug Band, Noel Lewis, who played a very nice single harp.

PSC: What do you think will happen to Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf, do you think they'll drift into the background twenty years from now?

M.B.: They'll be dead! They'll be dead twenty years from now.

PSC: How will people look back on these people?

M.B.: Like they look on Son House now. People look at them three ways. Some look on them as vestigial old folk artists. To many Negroes they're vital, contemporary, performing artists. They're not old, half-vestigial cats, they're contemporary artists like the Beatles. To many Negroes, Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf are like the Beatles are to you. And to many American white people they are unheard of. To many American white people who are hip to the scene they are just admiring them for one of two reasons: 1) because for some people, the music just knocks them out and they don't know why and 2) because there's a mystique about them and they think it's hip to like them. There's different ways for these cats to be appreciated. In twenty years collectors of jazz and blues will be collecting their records and listening to them; they'll be around, they'll be in history. It's happening right now, man. There's cats who look on them as half-dead old men and there's cats who look at them as vital, live people.

PSC: What developments do you feel the Butterfield Blues Band has made in the field of blues?

M.B.: In the field of Chicago Blues we are the tightest band to come out of Chicago Blues in that direct style. White or coloured, we are the tightest and cleanest there ever was. Paul is the finest blues harmonica player living. It's been modernized. We're not in that direct musical thing anymore. We pride ourselves in the fact that when we do things, we do things well. Not in a slipshod manner.

PSC: Do you think the people's attitude towards blues music will ever change? Will it be played on the radio?

M.B.: No. The white people will never identify with it. The white people and the coloured people will never get together in this country as far as I can see, ever. As far as my lifetime goes, unless there's a huge race war all over America, I don't think they'll ever get together. I don't think their musical forms will ever get together easily ever. Their



experiences are just too far apart. Two different worlds. Never, not in a million years.

If you go to a Negro club and listen to B.B. King play two notes and everybody in the whole fucking club knows what happened because there's a common ground of experience; they know what B.B. stands for and what those notes mean. And that's the important thing. "Tell it like it is, brother". Make the other cat know what you're talking about.

PSC: What are the possibilities of the electric harpsichord in blues music?

M.B.: Sure, it can be played. Cats have recorded blues on celestes.

B.B. King, in my opinion, is the greatest blues guitarist that ever lived. Not enough can be said about B.B. King. He's the greatest blues guitarist in America today. He is probably one of the greatest blues singers, and he's my major

influence. He is unrecognized by the vast majority of the American populace and until those cats get hip they are just missing one of America's greatest artists. And put that in your magazine.

PSC: Is there anything else you want to say? Any final comments?

M.B.: Just don't be censorious. You see, you've got a pair of ears. There are certain white cats that are making it you know and there's no doubt about it. You can hear them, man. Soul brothers will tell you what's happening, if they are making it. The one's who aren't making it, you can tell if they are not making it. There should be no doubt in your mind.

(Editor's note: B.B. King's albums are available in most record stores on the A.B.C.-Paramount Bluesway label. Pick up on one now.)

The Butterfield Blues Band: (standing, l to r) Jerome Arnold, Mike Bloomfield, Mark Naftalin, Elvin Bishop. (sitting, l to r) Paul Butterfield and Billy Davenport.





# NOW SCOPE

## by Melinda McCracken

### The Problem Industry.

We got more problems now than we ever had before. Now we got, you know, poverty, and Viet Nam. And Black Power. And the Warren Commission. And police brutality. And Neo-Nazism and politics and LSD and the sexual revolution and the Teenage Rebellion. And the Red Guard and pot and the Sexual Freedom League and Divorce and Contraception and the Catholic Church and Mixed Marriages and Poverty and the Great Society and Ronald Reagan and Smoking and Cancer and Pollution and Unemployment and Neurosis and Tension and Anxiety and White Power and Inflation and Strikes and Violence and War Toys and the Pill and Junkies and Production and Consumption and Emphysema and Euthanasia and Neuralgia and Acid Indigestion and Tranquillizers and Alcoholism and Guilt and Poverty and Viet Nam and Black Power and .....

How come we got so much problems?

... and Madalyn Murray, and Hugh Hefner, Pierre Berton, gambling, sex, parents, kids, money, money, money, what to wear to night, taxes, what to do in life, money, smoking, eating, how to make it, cars, money, Rhodesia, tight money, loose money, where to go, dieting, malnutrition, the single girl, status, phonies, fakes, degenerates, money, poverty, negroes, riots, money, water, air, me, you .....

Problems? Who needs 'em?

Everybody.

That's why we have a problem industry. We have an industry that floods the Problem Market with Problems for Consumption. Our Gross National Problem is very big this year. Possibly from efficiency and increased over-production in the Problem Industry.

The Problem Industry grey out of the realized need for more problems. An enterprising Bright Young Man, who shall remain nameless (he's among us today) saw the market for problems and found he could capitalize on it. He saw that once a society was materially affluent enough, and anxious enough, it could afford to support a flourishing problem industry.

Here's how it works. The Problem Industry. The Problem Man is usually on some newspaper, or in television or working for a big glossy magazine. He infiltrates the ranks and convinces the Powers That Be that it's problems what go over best. Most big magazines and television companies have several problem agents working on the inside. They are Expert Problem Spotters. Their eyes and ears are keenly trained to spot a problem almost before it is one. And when there is a lack of problems, they are even able to manufacture them.

When a problem spotter spots a problem, he looks around a bit for traces that it exists, reads here and there, digs around, and the evidence grows and then he declares that it's big enough to rank as an Official Problem.

Since news media are constantly looking for new things, new people, new entertainment, new light reading, the Problem Agent has little trouble inserting his newly discovered problem into the format. It goes through the cogs and machinery of the industry and comes out smack into the public, packaged, glossy, slick, promoted, researched, printed and televised. It hits the streets - Is God Dead? Are You Being Conned By Your Life Insurance Agent? Is Ice Cream Unhealthy? Is there A Member of the Mafia in Your Organization? What to do About Dandruff. Do You Believe In Magic? Should We Change The Divorce Laws? Is It Wrong to Integrate the Armed Forces? Does Viet Nam Exist? Are You Overspending? Is Quebec a Police State?

Well, the Public sort of looks at each other surreptitiously and then looks at himself. He feels guilty. He has been overspending. He feels responsible for Viet Nam. He wants to be a good person. He feels it's his duty to be aware of problems. Besides, they're necessary. I mean, what would we do if we didn't worry about them? There is a sort of pleasure in having a problem. They provide a sense of guilt, absolutely essential when there's nothing but pleasure. We have a problem on our



# do you sweat?



hands. It's fun to feel guilty about it.

Meanwhile, a by-product of the Problem Industry, a built-in consequence, occurs. This by-product is always built in to the Best Quality Problems. The subject of the Problem becomes aware that it IS a problem. The Negroes became aware of their Identity and their Rights, and they get mad, and do things, and that makes another problem. The Poor realize they ARE poor and want more money, or higher wages or more welfare, or higher pensions. People find out what's going on in Viet Nam and they decide it's good or it's bad, and the two sides of the conflict and that makes another problem. Good problems are self-perpetrating. They reproduce and reproduce sometimes for years. The value of a Good Problem should never be underestimated.

Sometimes the Problem Industry overestimates the Anxiety Level of its audience. Too many problems are distributed and the best ones simply go down the drain. The public can only be so anxious before it goes berserk, and the problems must be calculated only to keep the Public at a workable Level. This must be done to keep up the need for

problems.

Occasionally a scarcity of Marketable Problems occurs, and the Problem Agent is forced to manufacture his own. But he's so good at problem spotting that he has no trouble. If he's really good, he can convince the world that his synthetic problem is the real legit thing. He may say: God Is Alive - Watch Out! And that sets off the same chain reaction as the above. He knows that whether it's real or phony, anything that looks like a Problem will sell. All it needs is the right promotion. And they'll eat it up.

## NEXT ISSUE

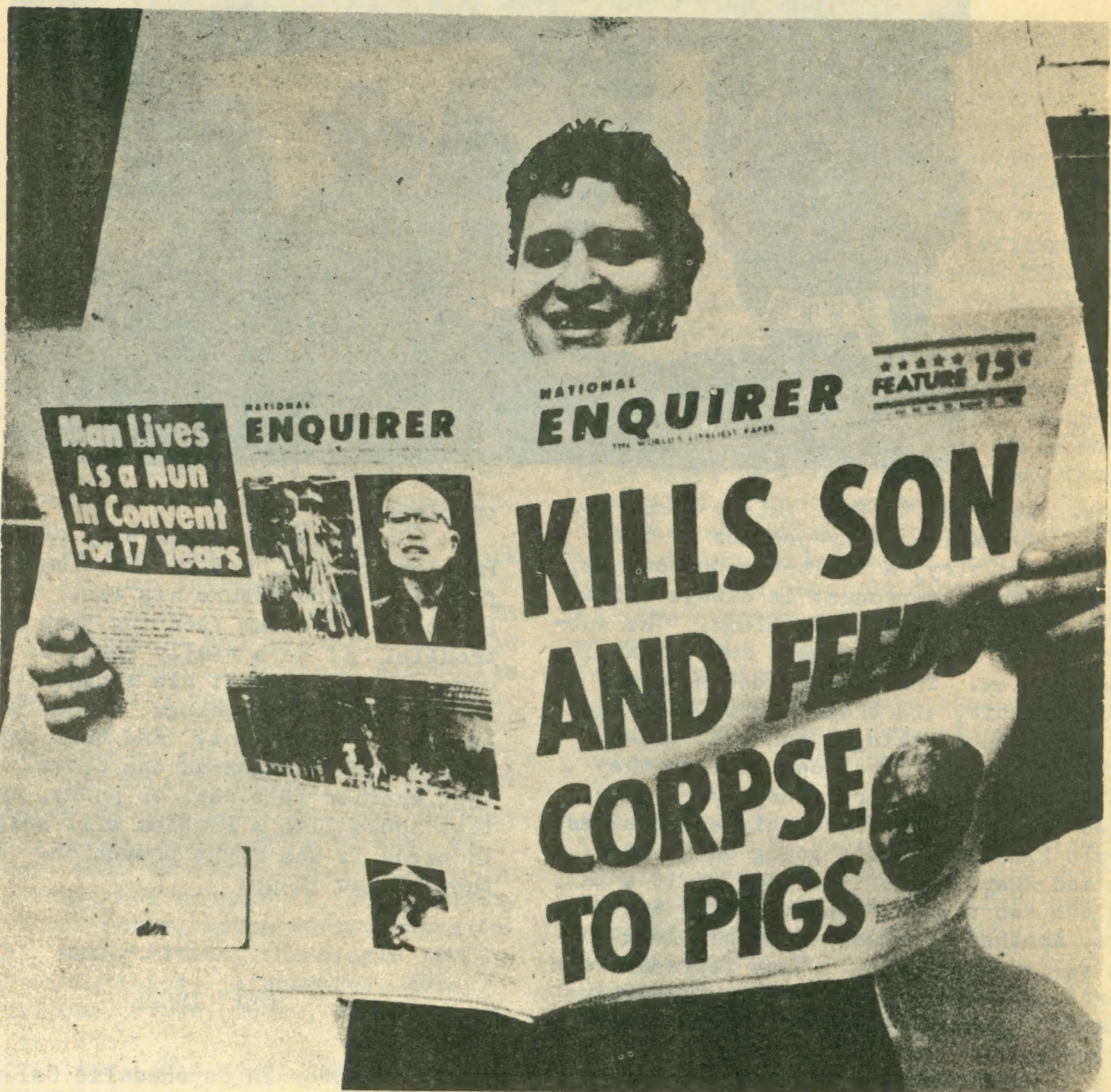
- Cover in Psychedelic Colour
- Cohen
- The Mothers
- Reviews by Howard, Winchester, Rodriguez
- Added Features

## the Moon:1967.

Big contest - go on...



# Interview with a Realist: PAUL KRASSNER



Q: How long have you been a realist?

A: I don't think I am yet, because I know I'm going to die, and yet I keep wasting time. But I've always been a realist in accepting my fallibility.

Q: Isn't that sort of a morbid thought for a young man?

A: Oh, I'm very morbid. Like, the more I love people, the more I think about them dying. In fact there are some people who when they find that out, resent that I don't think about them dead.

Q: To what extent is your necrophiliac experience?

A: That's a loaded question if I ever heard one. It's not necrophilia, although I would like to try that. I mean nothing sick like beating the corpse or anything. I mean just good healthy love-making. Although that would prove what a pervert I am. You see, I'm so hung up that I would somehow want to make the corpse come first, and several times.

Q: How long have you been publishing the 'Realist'?



A: It's starting its ninth year now.

Q: When you started, you said you intended to have no taboos. Have any taboos developed in the past eight years?

A: Well, let me give you an example which relates to what I was talking about before in our little morbid period.

Obituaries on Lenny Bruce are now kind of a taboo. I did one when he was alive, when he could see it, and you know that's really the essence of the 'Realist', this kind of existential attitude. So there would be no point in having obituaries now for Bruce although I've gotten a few already, well-written and sincere and sentimental. But there's no point in doing that now.

I think I may start a whole series of advance obituaries. The only problem is, I did an obituary of Bruce two years ago and now look, he's dead, and people will look to see who the next one is and when he's going to die. That would be like the kiss of death. You know, "Please don't do an obituary on me, Paul, I'm happy the way I am."

Obviousness is another taboo. Like the John Birch Society is such an east target that in effect it's a taboo because they're too east to attack them, so I have no editorial excuse to make fun of them because they do such a good job themselves.

I've gotten bored with attacking God, in a way like blaming God for things, which is, since I'm an atheist, a contradiction of terms. Even the four letter word thing, there's not much more we can say about that. And so, I would say, reject an article proclaiming the freedom of the press aspect of using a four letter word because we've done it in action, we don't have to worry about the theory.

Q: People keep saying, 'Things aren't really as bad as you think they are'. They say it's paranoia about the present administration, it's paranoia about the escalation of the war in Viet Nam. How do you feel about that?

A: Well, you see they say that to you because you're well off, let them try and tell that to a Vietnamese peasant who has just been burned by napalm and see what his reaction is. Tell that Vietnamese family that they're paranoid as they look over and see Johnson's bombers there. I think the people who say that are the masters of detachment.

It's the new American Zen form of detachment. People like Tim Leary and Richard Alpert and those guys study for

years to learn how to detach themselves. And these people can do it in one hour of Peyton Place. But in that process of detachment they have just to substitute involvement, substituting the fantasy life of television or whatever else they substitute: a baseball game or whatever. And I'm not putting that down. I'm all for freedom of substitute involvement.

Q: It is rumoured that you were once in show business.

A: I was a comedian back in the 50's. My stage name was Paul Maul, and I just didn't like night clubs. I was tempted to go back into night clubs just to continue carrying Lenny Bruce's torch, but that would be kind of an insult to him. I still do shows once in a while. There's kind of stimulation there that you don't get at a typewriter.

Q: Have you ever regretted getting into publishing?

A: No, I haven't regretted it, but probably now I have the best of both because I go before really groovy audiences. So there's a whole rapport before I come on stage because most of the time I've already read my writing, you know, which is very personal journalism.

Q: Many people consider you to be some sort of political figure. What kind of political figure do you consider yourself to be?

A: Well, I really try to be independent. I know I've been called a Communist, or certainly left wing, so it's very interesting to get a letter just today from a guy in answer to an editorial I wrote called 'Mind Over Martyr'. It was about a memorial for Leo Bernard, who is the young man who got murdered in the Socialist Workers Part Headquarters in Detroit. And it talked about how the Socialist Revolution is taking much more time than the Teen-Age Revolution. I did a very surrealistic thing like sing rock n' roll songs at the memorial.

So I got this letter from a subscriber cancelling his subscription because he said I'm a reactionary.

Q: Are you a new leftist?

A: I'm sort of a court jester of the new left. Radical is a better name, because left has all the connotations of the old partyism where people went around calling each other comrade. There are a lot of

... (get) Hit Parader (instead of the measles),



people in the new left who have never even read Marx.

Q: Have you noticed that your audience has shifted in the last few years?

A: Well, in California they move around a lot.

Q: I mean is it getting younger?

A: In the beginning years there was one guy who was in pre-law school who's now a patent lawyer. So in that sense they've gotten older. It would be a science fiction story if they were getting younger. But I guess with the increase of publicity and availability more young people have come into contact with the Realist. This is built up by word of mouth, so I'm getting more and more subscriptions from college libraries and I guess that may be an indication of what you're saying. But I don't know how it fares with the teenyboppers.

Q: You have been travelling across the country speaking to college audiences. You mentioned that you had a question period is the most enlightening to you. What is on the minds of the young people around the country?

A: It's interesting because you see a pattern. Several years ago one of the questions that popped up the most frequently was 'atheism'. They would argue theology. And now they seem to take that for granted, they're not involved. I mean God is really dead in that sense.

They may talk a little about Madalyn Murray's case. But that's more separation of church and state. And it's even more than that, you know, what kind of a person is that dynamic or neurotic that can give and take as much as she has. So there's an interest in certain, what I call culture heroes that I've had dealings with: like Lenny Bruce, Madalyn Murray, Tim Leary.

There's less cynicism about television now because it seems they just watch it less. They may watch Batman for laughs or the news for laughs.

There's much more questioning about drugs than there was a few years ago. Consistently.

There is a certain confusion about the purpose of protest movements. They don't see any results and yet they know that's all they can do. But they've gotten little projects of their own and the gratifying thing to me is that they don't try to change the world. But if I speak at City College, and

they tell me about a reading class that they have for the kids up there, you know, that's fine, it's like the Parents Aid Society I mentioned before. I know they're not going to change the world, but you know, if one poverty-stricken couple can enjoy screwing more because they don't have to worry about having an unwanted child, that's fine.

Q: What sociological changes do you see for this country in the next 5 or 10 years?

A: I think that violence is going to be unionized. I think violence is going to become more and more of a problem, both on a rioting level and an individual level. Because if all the nuts around see all the publicity people like Speck and Whitman get, it's going to be their chance. Like the moth heading for the flame. So I think there's going to be more and more towers used by people. Although there's more individual psychology than sociology. But you can't separate the two, really, because it's like Eve saying to Adam, "Like why don't you get a job?" And Adam says, "Well I don't know what I want to do." And then she says, "Well why don't you become a sociologist."

Q: OK. Where do you think the drug issue is going to lead us?

A: I think that's going to be more and more of a problem only because the authorities have put otherwise law abiding citizens in the position of violating the law on principle. The principle may be 'kicks' or it may be introspection, but I think there's going to be unionized hypocrisy. I think people are going to begin blaming things on drugs as a cop-out. And of course it's also going to be used politically. If Lenny Bruce's death could have been used politically, it would have been.

Q: What do you think Johnson represents as an archetype?

A: To me the immediate instinctive reaction I get is that he's the father figure who used to take off his belt and whomp Luci and Lynda. And now they're too old for that so he gets his jollies on a much larger scale.

Q: How about 1968?

A: I don't know. I mean I assume Johnson is going to run. I can't imagine who they're going to put against him in the primaries or who they would put against him in the actual election. It's really a mystery. I even wonder how he's going to get rid of Humphrey.

Q: Where does he lie on the political spectrum?  
(to page 38)



# RECORDS

## 1. Byrds.

"Younger Than Yesterday", Columbia.

"Younger Than Yesterday" brings to four the total of albums the Byrds have produced during their two year history. After their first pioneering "Mr. Tambourine Man" record, the second and third efforts seemed most disappointing; only one or two good songs on each, the rest falling flat, because, of all things, they were indescribably dull. After listening to the third out of the first side, a silly space tune called "CTA - 102", I thought "Younger, etc" would be another mediocre dud. However, I was pleasantly surprised. Apart from the aforementioned song, the album represents a fine selection of modern music. The Byrds' vocal stylizations have not changed much, still as smoothly crisp and relaxed as ever, but the music itself and its lyrics are now very intelligent and exciting. "Everybody's Been Burned" is a beautiful song, understandable in its simplicity, yet profound in the philosophy it espouses:

I know all too well  
how to turn  
how to run  
how to hide behind  
the bitter wall of blue.  
But you die inside, if you choose to hide,  
So I guess, instead, I'll love you.

"Mind Gardens" is a snippet of psychedelia, but a good one, one without all the merchandising and plastic, one filled with reality, in spite of the slightly overwritten lyrics. There's other fine songs, nice country & Byrd tunes like "The Time In Between" and "The Girl With No Name" that are, I suppose, artistically trivial, but are distant and imposing slices of life, similar in tone (in a way) to Camus' "The Stranger". "So You Wanna Be A Rock n' Roll Star" is a cutting put-down of the fickle, churning pop machine, and "My Back Pages" is a tasteful arrangement of the Dylan song. "Why": a re-make of the flip of "Eight Miles High"; on the original one could find oneself gliding over the instrumental waves, the current version is tighter and more relaxed, although just as enjoyable. It is an excellent album. The Byrds have used some of the backwards tape techniques originated by the Beatles, but they succeed in making them uniquely Byrd, not mere imitation. Which is about the finest compliment one can pay a post-Beatle group.

- j.r.





## z. Rolling Stones.

**BETWEEN THE BUTTONS.** The Rolling Stones. London Records; a new album containing twelve new songs, written by Mick Jagger & Keith Richards, produced by Andrew Loog Oldham.

When they appeared in drag disguise as little old ladies for a record cover, when Charlie Watts grew a mustache, when Mick Jagger cut his hair, when they came out with an album as pretentious and musically mediocre as *"Aftermath"*, when they started singing *"Have You Seen Your Mother Baby Standing In The Shadow"*, when Brian Jones proudly posed for a photo in a Nazi uniform and stepping on a toy doll, when they dropped their electric guitars in favor of sitars and dulcimers, when they started wearing cheap mod clothes, and when they only reached Number Nine on the charts (!) — then I began to worry about what had happened to the Bad Boys of Pop, The Rolling Stones.

Then Frank Zappa, the astute and knowledgeable leader of the *Mothers of Invention*, told me what was happening: *"'Have You Seen Your Mother' wasn't such a bad song. It seemed to me to be the best way of saying something about a certain situation common in contemporary society. It's a pity that that was the only way the Stones could say it, but we've gone so far down that it was the only effective way; it was a good statement."* Although Zappa hasn't changed my mind about that particular song (I still maintain that it is a piece of musical garbage), I can see his point. The Rolling Stones have more in their heads than actually meets the eye. They are the popularizers of dissent — first it was through the guise of rhythm &

blues and dirty sweatshirts, then it was through their own compositions, such as *'I Can't Get No Satisfaction'*. *"'Satisfaction' is the national anthem of youth today,"* Stones manager Andrew Oldham boasted, a statement that, to me, signalled their downfall. The Stones went through a period of constant change, seemingly wanting to please the twelve year old teenieboppers as well as the college hippies. Some of the songs, such as *'Paint It, Black'*, were good; but somewhere along the path the Stones lost the beat and dressed in a Style that somehow did not fit.

With *'Between the Buttons'* we see where they have been going. The perception and awareness involved in the making of this record is both surprising and amazing. Directly or indirectly, they have expressed, in this album, some of the best thoughts of the new generation growing up on Carnaby Street, Greenwich Village and Sunset Strip. This is an often useless but potentially useful generation,

involved in its own dogma and originality, often protesting only for so much as lipstick in high school or against their government's actions, breaking away from the falsities of their parents and creating their own lies. The Stones are the metronome measuring the pulse of this very 'in' world. *'Have You Seen Your Mother'* was perhaps crass, vulgar, tasteless and destructive, but the songs on *'Between the Buttons'* represent a complete departure from this. Some are cruelly mocking, others satirical, and in their quieter moments the Stones take time out for a

love song. Above all, they reflect upon the morals of their contemporaries; the fall from and return to innocence of, as one commentator put it, the "combine generation".

*'Ruby Tuesday'* is certainly their best lyric song; here, they offer a few of their own life guidelines that bear a healthy respect: *"She just can't be chained / to a life where nothing's gained / and nothing's lost,"* and *"There's no time to lose, I heard her say. / Cast your dreams before they slip away. / Dying all the time, lose your dreams and you will lose your mind, / and life's unkind..."*. There's the existential logic of *'She Smiled Sweetly'*: *"There's nothing in why or when; there's no use trying; you're here, begin again..."*. In other songs, most of them considerably faster and louder, rather unsubtle lines like *"My mouth is soaking wet"* blurt out at you; however, some of their observations are startlingly frank, but you've got to listen for them buried beneath all that music.

The last song, *'Something Happened To Me Yesterday'*, is somewhat of a comic masterpiece. It is a riotously clever satire, delightfully putting down the entertainment business, phony message songs, perhaps even themselves —

Something very strange I hear you say,  
You're talking in a most peculiar way.  
But something really threw me,  
something all so groovy,  
something happened to me yesterday.  
He don't know just where it's gone,  
He don't really care at all.  
No one's sure just what it was  
Or the meaning, end or cause.  
SOMETHING!...

Jagger and Brian Jones sing these daffy lyrics to the backing of a rinky-dink piano and a hilarious Acker Bilk — Rainy Day Women — type brass section. It is easily the most effective piece on the record.

It isn't poetry and it isn't the greatest music in the world, but *'Behind the Buttons'* has a lot of swing and tone behind it, and it is very precise and contemporary; some of it stings, well worth listening to.



### 3. Lovin' Spoonful

"Hums of the Lovin' Spoonful", Kama Sutra.

The Lovin' Spoonful, like the Marx Bros., the Beatles, the great comedians of the thirties and forties, country musicians, magicians and clowns, have that wonderful ability of entertaining happily. There are more profound people, more talented people, but hardly anyone can produce the 'comfy' feeling that arises from listening to the warm music of the Spoonful. In an age where psychedelia is the aspirin and cough drop of pop music, the Spoonful remind us of a late afternoon rain. They introduced their good-time music with the "Do You Believe In Magic?" album; they showed what could be done with the most simple rock n' roll on the "Daydream" lp; they have produced two fine soundtrack albums; and in their rather underrated "Hums" album they demonstrate an assimilation of a heavy dose of country and "down home" music into their R&R. The Spoonful do not have to tell us who they admire - the answer is standing up in their music. It is really very traditional and because of this it will last. There is a lot of country music in it, jug band music, ragtime, some jazz, razzamatazz - all added to a firm base of pure unadulterated rock n' roll. None of their musical antecedents seem to be out of place or included for 'show'; they are creating their own brand of music by working from very traditional beginnings. In other words, it's modern, also.

The Spoonful, perhaps more than any other pop group, have a peculiar ear for musical sounds - the sounds that various instruments can produce. This comes through particularly on the percussion section of the band. Joe Butler is not an outstandingly gifted drummer by any stretch of the imagination, but what he lacks in technical know-how, he more than makes up for by the inventive use of all sorts of crazy percus-





sions - bells, chimes, vibes, cymbals, a guitar case, etc. This quality is further demonstrated in "Henry Thomas", an original composition that is a cross between Platt & Scruggs and Jim Kweskin, featuring a harmonica that sounds exactly like a fiddle, a banjo, a jew's harp and a slide whistle! Furthermore, the latter is not employed as a gimmick; it is an instrument and it is played. The resulting sounds are wonderful, full of humour and spontaneity, which is amazing because the Lovin' Spoonful record in separate parts, taking advantage of multiple tracking devices; yet, there is a complete unity in their music.

The songs were all written, in whole or in part, by John Sebastian. Some of his lyrics are incredibly corny (in "Darlin' Companion" there is a line that goes, "Mmm, a flossy mare like you should have a steed ..."), but never do they take on the phony air of a camp indulgence. Sebastian like one of his major influences, Chuck Berry, has an ear for the words and things that surround us; there are songs about the Nashville music scene, about Coconut Grove, about rain on the roof, and one entirely devoted to eyeglasses, called "4 Eyes" :

'You're so blind they call you Batman,  
You can't even see a fat man,  
You can't dig just where he's at man  
Without windows on your eyes.  
But the things ain't your decision,  
And they're fitted with precision,  
And they magnify your eyes  
Like they're a pair of cherry pies.'

The combination of this remarkable musical and lyrical sense has resulted in "Summer in the City", already a rock n' roll masterpiece. Here, sound effects are added (pneumatic drills, honking horns) to the steady, throbbing piano and hum-drum clarinet; the lyrics indent the music as a sigh or cry would indent a summer city traffic scene: "Bent down, isn't it a pity? Doesn't seem to be a shadow in the city. All around, people looking half-dead, walking on the sidewalk, hotter than a match head." No other song that I can remember has captured the heat, loneliness and restlessness of summer in the city as the Spoonful song has.

Where so many of today's pop artistes come out at you with false rebellion and stage clothes and powdered lines on their faces, the Spoonful just come as themselves, a Spoonful of very good, relaxing beautiful music. "Jams" can be considered an experiment - a complete assimilation of a variety of traditional American musical idioms into good-time rock n' roll - and it is an entirely successful one. With this album the Lovin' Spoonful have already carved themselves a niche beside the best American music.

- Juan Rodriguez





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# Death and the Maiden

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On a cold summer day in December, when the grass in the Park had withered yellow and the air was blue with cold, he waited by the seals with his hands in his pockets. The air was so cold that it jingled. He knew that his earlobes would be red and his knuckles, and his nose and his chin; he hoped that they would not be noticeable.

Some mothers passed by and tickled their children with bothersome thoughts - he felt like a child. The seals barked and clouds flapped in the sky; he was clouds and seals. He was a red balloon, bursting. She was late and though he was bursting to see her, it was gentle and fervid to wait for her, expect her in every sound, mistake the trembling of the water for her laugh. Everything seemed mysteriously simple and imminent. He was a passing fancy of his own, an idle gesture. So far that day, he had not hated anyone.

He was waiting for her and he had not seen her for six months because he had been sick and away in the insane asylum. He

looked at the park all withered yellow and brown, thinking that in a hundred years he would be able to remember himself standing by the seals, looking ahead at himself looking back.

Often he had moments when he felt that everything had happened once before in exactly the same way, but on that day the feeling did not leave him. Caught in the dream, he could do no wrong, like a dancer in the mind of God. Everyone whirled around him in their perfect orbits like stars. It was exactly perfect that a little boy should bend over and cry out, "Look, Mama, I found a tree." There were the seals and pigeons and still a few greying squirrels and a tiger that was beautiful and sleek as death, striding around in his cage, looking for something to think about.

A seal splashed and the water laughed and his heart thrashed in his throat like a bird because he thought he heard her coming to meet him. While he was staring past the seals and the tiger, looking for her among the fallen leaves, she came striding across the park behind him, and he was dreaming he saw her when she put her hand softly on the nape of his neck and put her fingertips into the ends of his shaggy hair. He closed his eyes - he wanted to cry out but he was afraid that he would frighten her. He remembered her perfume as she tickled his ear; it reminded him of longing.

"I am afraid to turn around," he said, mocking himself, "if I turn, you will disappear again like Euridyce and I would be lost, halfway up from hell." He took her hand convulsively and ran across the park; they had not seen each other yet.

"Look at me," she cried as they ran. "Stop!" His heart was beating in his ears. They stopped outside the tiger's cage but he did not look at her immediately; he was afraid he would be too happy.

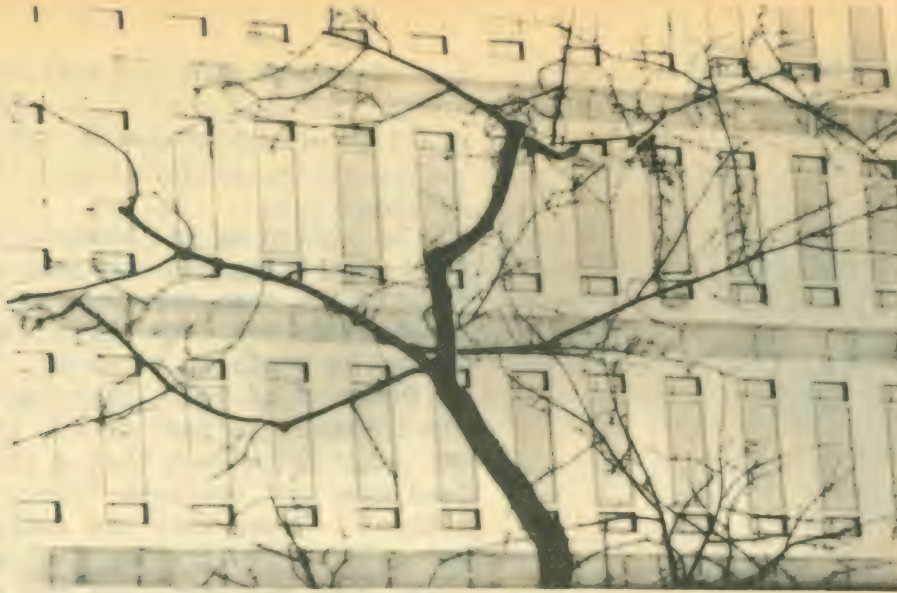
"The tiger is melancholy," he said.

"Here I am," she said, her hand on the back of his neck again and her fingers in his long hair. "Here we are, look at me. I want to see you looking at me."

He turned and was astonished to see her standing there as if she were tangible. He laughed in surprise and made a funny face and shut his eyes. She laughed at both of them.

She said, "Come on, let's go on the Arthur J. Friedman Memorial Merry-go-round," exactly as she had in the dream. To him she was strange and magical.





The merry-go-round wound round and around and fantastic organ music spiralled from its blues, red, yellows, green, sounding to him like Bach subtly and murderously altered by destroying the mathematical certainties with recurring decimals. He was frightened.

The horses galloped past him and slowed down and when he got on board the world whirled past him in the opposite direction and the horses stood still, going up and down. Then the music began to circle round in the opposite direction from the spinning world sounding rancid and deformed, and she sat smiling on a white horse with her dark hair flowing behind her and calling to him, "You know, love, it's funny about this music. It sounds so gay and weird to us now but it could sound like the voice of hell if we heard it alone or in the rain," and he nodded dumbly and thought, "Oh God."

As they walked through the park the sun struck twelve and she asked him, "Are you back for good, now?"

"For better or for worse," he said.

"Forever."

"There's going to be a party at Gloria's tonight. Will you come?"

He wanted to say, "Of course," but he just shrugged. He loved her huge eyes, brown as the centres of sunflowers. He wanted to take her hand while they walked, but his arms seemed long enough to scrape the ground.

She said, "You've lost a lot of weight. You're as thin as me."

"I forget to eat a lot," he said, miserably. He watched her hand swinging by her side and wondered.

"You look very handsome" she said. He shrugged; he felt queasy and trapped. He began to despise her hands. He wondered why he wanted to touch her, like some predatory moth, and if he did, would she think him too forward and if not, too backward. Then, when they stepped off the curb, she took his hand unconsciously and he was touched and said, "I like your lace hands."

They ate lunch in an expensive res-





taurant and she had a martini but he drank nothing. He was vague throughout lunch and sometimes he would smile suddenly at her and she would smile back at him and wonder what caused him to smile. Once he broke out laughing and she couldn't help laughing too he seemed so funny and she asked him, "Why did you laugh?"

He said, "There was a man at the asylum who thought he was Ezra Pound." She laughed and he was glad that he had made her laugh.

All afternoon they shopped about Madison Avenue and she bought him a book of poems by Emily Dickinson and he wanted to give her something as precious to him as she was. He knew most men give their lives to their women and come home every day at five-thirty; he knew that, but did not know how to live slowly, with trust. He wanted to give her all his life at once. Finally he bought her an old, used book of the Arthurian legends and the Songs of Innocence and Experience by Blake, after standing before shelves of books that he loved in despair, unable to decide what to give her, if he could not give her everything.

She was happy with the books but he feared approximations. On the flyleaf of the Arthurian legends she found written tidily in a corner,

"Penny Dankoff,  
712 Park Avenue, Apt.5,  
Manhattan."

and scrawled across the page,

"Penny,

On your 16th birthday, in my 18th year, I love you now forever. I pity the whole world that they are neither you nor me. Last night I dreamed that we died in each other's arms.

Seymour Weingarten"

She was happy that her book had been dedicated to love but he was afraid to ask her what had happened to love that it ended in the fiasco of selling the book for money. She wondered who Penny Dankoff was and he wondered what happened to her and Seymour and love, frailest of delusions.

They went to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and wandered through rooms full of old centuries and she asked him, "Do you still imagine things, like your mother is Virgin Mary or that your janitor is Goebbels?"

"No," he said, "I don't even imagine that I am Sir Lancelot. I have no more dragons; I am bereaved and bereft of mysteries."

When they came out of the museum the sun struck ten past four and they went into the park behind the museum. She showed him a tree where, one day when he was away and writing her letters from the asylum full of strange



animals and cryptic dwarfs, she cut their initials in the bark and wondered how the tree, by growing, would spread their names apart. The letters had almost been filled in by new bark. They sat down on the grass at the foot of their tree and she put her head in his lap and said, "A Penny Dankoff for your thoughts."

"Life is a castrated spider," he said, seriously, with mourning.

She laughed at him. "Life is a bowl of wax cherries," she said.

He laughed, "Life is the droppings of fire engines."

"Life is a casket of sighs," she said.

"You are life," he said.

"You are life," she said.

Once again his dream seemed to come alive and they were moving in a madrigal where everything happened as once before, very long ago. The sun danced madly in her hair, sparking tiny blue and purple flames. "Your hair is on fire," he said.

Then they walked through the park; he felt like a fly on water. She ran before him among the trees; he felt he was upside down, walking on the sky. He looked down and saw clouds and she was laughing at a tree.

And then, suddenly he wanted so much to die in her arms and for her to die in



his arms, round and round to music.

Later, when neither of them was looking, the sun seesawed down and the moon seesawed up. Gloria opened the door and was surprised to see them together like old times. He recognized many faces and there were many that were new. Lionel fixed him a drink. He tried to remember something similar that happened long ago but could not. When people spoke to him, using his name, he flinched.

Some of his old friends came up and asked him how he was. He shrugged. Lionel introduced him as 'The last of the great lovers' to some of the people he did not recognize and he did not see the joke. The dream was slipping from him and he was suddenly afraid that if he could not remember what came next, nothing could happen.

Laughter kept distracting him until he became confused and forgot what he was thinking about. She was standing in the corner talking to Lionel and she looked much sadder in the lamplight. He listened to some women who were talking about suicide. One of them exhaled two long streams of smoke from her nostrils and he listened to them discuss the two suicides which take place every day in New York. She was still watching him from the corner and heard him interrupt and say, "As long as there is the possibility of suicide, it's not necessary to commit it, but as soon as they deprive me of the solace of imminent death, I must commit suicide immediately, and as soon as I begin, I can stop, because I've recreated the possibility. Only when I can't, I

must - a paradox."

The ladies at first looked surprised to hear him talk but when he finished, they asked him questions about his religious beliefs. He did not answer them though; he just stood there, scowling, as if he were trying to remember something.

Lionel fixed him another drink to loosen him up. She came over to him, looking so different in the lamplight, softer and full of shadows. "Love is hate," he said. He was somewhat dizzy; it seemed he could hear the swirling music of the merry-go-round in his ears. Lionel said, "You look like you have a bad case of the wobbeleys," and when she laughed he was fanatically jealous and angry and hurt and tormented. "Love is suicide," he said.

She was not sure if he was joking, but she knew that he was dreadfully uncomfortable. His face was all screwed up and he was shivering slightly. The thought entered his mind that they were gremlins and all plotting against him to rob him of himself. He was nauseated, afraid he would throw up. He took her hands and looked at her face and her hair and her eyes and said, "Oh God, who are you?" He couldn't trust her; she might be a witch. He looked at her face; he couldn't see her; she looked like a foreign power.

"Oh, be true," he said, "Be careful. If you won't, who will know me?"

"Oh, don't, don't," she said.

"You are all my memories. Who will I be without my past? I am so old."

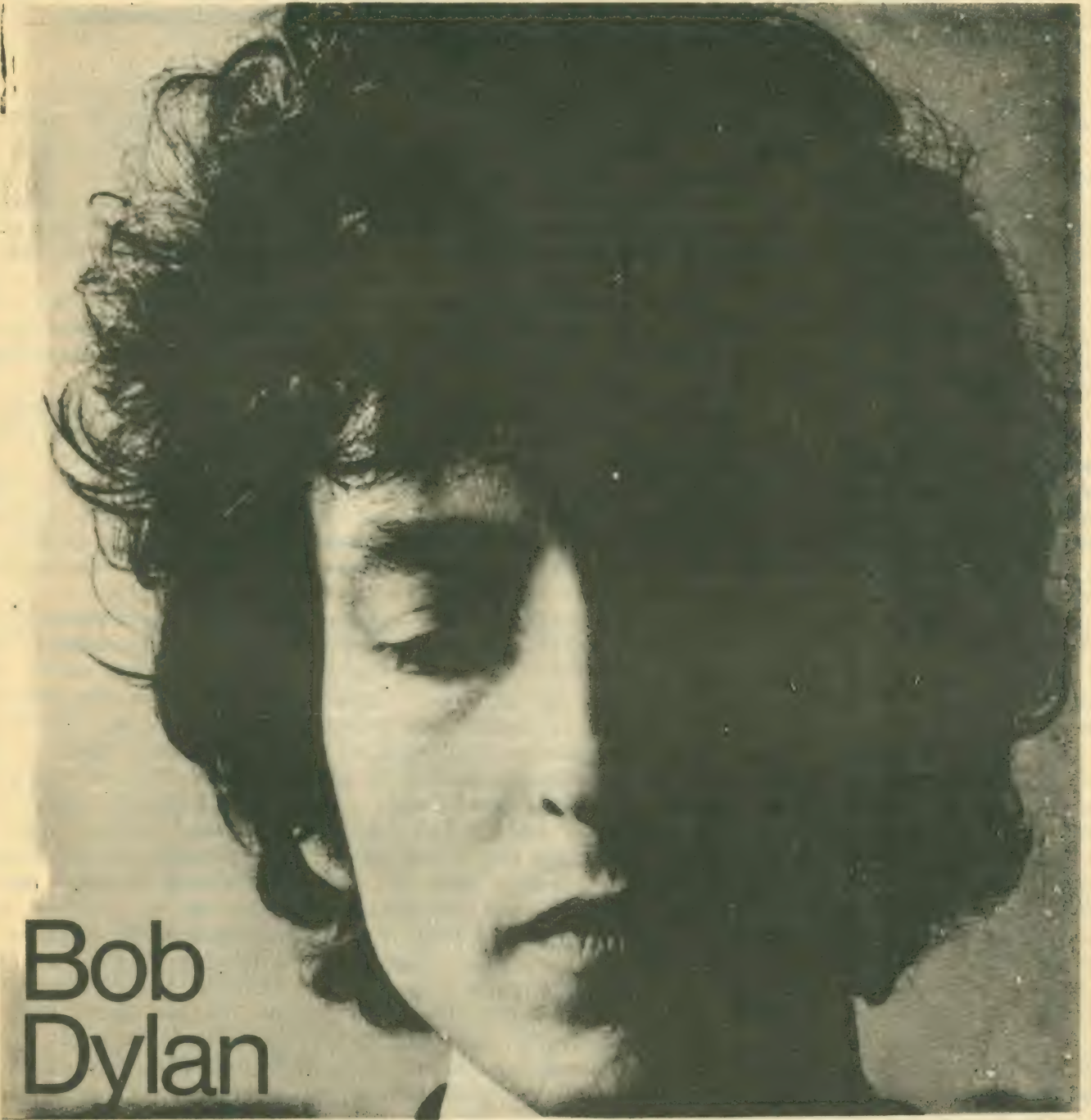
"You are so young," she cried.

"So young to be so old," he said. He was cold and shivering violently. He had to go to the bathroom so badly, it was kill-  
(to page 28)





UNIVERSAL JING



Bob  
Dylan

YAN



# by Paul Williams

(This article originally appeared in 'Crawdaddy' magazine of which Paul Williams is editor and publisher. It is clear, from this article and from his other writings, that Williams is one of the key critics of the pop world. 'Crawdaddy' is filling the need for good pop criticism, so why not write them at 319 6th Avenue, New York City, N.Y. 10014 with 50 cents and get a free sample copy. Magazines like 'Crawdaddy' need your loyal support in order to continue; 'Crawdaddy' also happens to be one of the best publications in America. "Understanding Bob Dylan" © copyright 1966 by Paul Williams.)

Perhaps the favorite indoor sport in America today is discussing, worshipping, disparaging, and, above all, interpreting Bob Dylan. According to legend, young Zimmerman came out of the West, grabbed a guitar, changed his name and decided to be Woody Guthrie. Five years later he had somehow become Elvis Presley (or maybe William Shakespeare); he had sold out, plugged in his feet, and was rumoured to live in a state of perpetual high (achieved by smoking rolled-up pages of Time magazine). Today, we stand on the eve of his first published book ('Tarantula') and the morning after his most recent and fully-realized LP (Blonde on Blonde).

Who is Bob Dylan, and - this is the question that is most incessantly asked - what is he really trying to say? These are not, as such, answerable questions; but maybe by exploring them we can come to a greater understanding of the man and his songs. It is an approach to understanding that we offer you this essay.

Everyone knows that Dylan came east from the North Country in 1960, hung around the Village, and finally got a start as a folksinger. If you're interested in biographical information, get a book with the ridiculous title of 'Folk-Rock: The Bob Dylan Story'. The authors' attempts at interpretation of songs are clumsy; but the factual portion of the book is surprisingly reasonable (there is no such word as 'accurate'). The book perpetrates a few myths, of course (for instance, the name "Dylan" actually comes from an uncle of Bob's and not from Dylan Thomas); and it has its stylistic stumblings. But for just plain (irrelevant) biographical info the book is worth your 50 cents.

There are a few things about Dylan's past that are relevant to understanding his work (or to not misunderstanding it), however, and these appear to be little known. His roots are deep in country music and blues: he lists Curtis Mayfield and Charlie Rich among the musicians he admires most. But he did not start out as a 'folksinger', not in the currently accepted sense. From the very beginning his desire was to make it in the field of rock n roll.

In 1960, however, rock n roll was not an open field. The songs were written in one part of town, then sent down to the recording companies in another part of town where house artists recorded them, backed up by the usual house bands. A country kid like Dylan didn't stand a chance of getting into rock n roll, and it did not take him long to find that out. The only way he could get anyone to listen to him - and the only way he could keep himself alive - was to start playing the coffee-houses. This got him a recording contract and an interested audience, as well as a reputation as a folksinger, and it was one of the luckiest things that ever happened to him. First of all, it put him under pressure to produce; and nothing better can happen to any young writer. Secondly, it made him discipline his song-writing, and though he may have resented it at the time, it was this forced focusing of his talents that made them emerge. You have to learn the rules before you can break them.

But it was inevitable that 'folk music' would be only a temporary harbour. "Everybody knows that I'm not a folksinger," he says; and call him what you will, there is no question that by the time Another Side of Bob Dylan appeared he was no longer thinking his songs in terms of simple guitar accompaniments (to a certain extent, he never had been). He was straining at the bit of folk music's accepted patterns, and fearing, perhaps rightly so, that no one was interested in what he wanted to say anymore. But then 'Tambourine Man' caught on, and people began responding to him as a man and not as a politician. The light was green: he'd been working very hard on a very important song, and he decided he was going to sing it the way he heard it. That was 'Like A Rolling Stone', and its success meant that from now on he could do a song any way he wanted. "I knew how it had to be done," he says, "I went out of my way to get the people to record it with me."



It was a breakthrough. He was into the 'rock n roll' field for real now, but, of course, he is no more a 'rock n roll singer' than a 'folksinger'. He is simply an artist able to create in the medium that for him is most free.

This background is discussed only because there is so much useless misunderstanding, so much talk about 'folk-rock', so much discussion of the 'old Dylan' and the 'new Dylan'. Until you, as a listener, can hear music instead of categories, you cannot appreciate what you are hearing. As long as people persist in believing that Dylan would be playing his new songs on a folk guitar instead of with a band, except that recording with a band brings him more money, they will fail to realize that he is a creator, not a puppet, and a creator who has reached musical maturity. Dylan is doing his songs now the way he always wanted to do them. He is a bard who has found his lyre, no more, no less; and if you're interested in what he's saying, you must listen to him on his own terms.

It is my personal belief that it is not the artist, but his work, that is important; therefore, I hesitate to go too deeply into the question of who Bob Dylan is. Owl and Churchy once had a fantastic fight over whether a certain phrase actually fell from the lips of Mr. Twain, or Mr. Clemens. And someone has pointed out that nobody knows if the Odyssey was written by Homer or by another early Greek poet of the same name. Perhaps I don't make myself clear. I only want to point out that if we found out tomorrow that Bob Dylan was a 64-year-old woman and a proven Communist agent, we might be surprised, but the words to 'Mr. Tambourine Man' would not change in the slightest. It would still be the same song.

To dispel any doubts, Mr. Dylan is not a 64-year-old woman or an agent of anything. I met him in Philadelphia last winter; he is a friendly and straight-forward young man, interested in what others are saying and doing and quite willing to talk openly about himself. He is pleased with his success; he wanted it, he worked for it honestly, and he's achieved it. We talked about the critics, and he says he resents people who don't know what's going on and pretend they do. He named some names.

It is difficult to be a critic; people expect you to explain things. That's all right if you don't know what's going on ... you can make up almost any clever-sounding explanation, and people will believe you. But if you do understand a poem, or a song, then chances are you also understand that you're destroying it if you try to translate it into one or two prose sentences in order to tell the guy next door 'what it means'. If you could say everything that Dylan says in any of his songs in a sentence or two, then there would have been no point in writing the songs. So the sensitive critic must act as a guide, not paraphrasing the songs by trying to appreciate them.

One problem is that a lot of people don't give a damn about the songs. What interests them is whether Joan Baez is "Queen Jane" or whether Dylan dedicated "Tambourine Man" to the local dope peddler. These people, viewed objectively, are a fairly despicable lot; but the truth is that all of us act like peeping toms now and then. Dylan himself pointed this out in a poem on the back of Another Side. He ponders a mob watching a man about to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge; "I couldn't stay and look at him / because I suddenly realized that / deep in my heart / I really wanted / to see him jump." It is a hard thing to admit that we are potential members of the mob; but if you admit it, you can fight it - you can ignore your curiosity about Dylan's personal life and thoughts, and appreciate his generosity in offering you as much as he has by giving you his poems, his songs. In the end you can know Bob Dylan much better than you know your next door neighbour, because he shows you in his songs; but first you have to listen to the songs, and stop treating him as though he lived next door.

Another problem, and in a way a much more serious one, is the widespread desire to 'find out' what Dylan's trying to say instead of listening to what he is saying. According to Boh, "I've stopped composing and singing anything that has either a reason to be written or a motive to be sung ... The word 'message' strikes me as having a hernia-like sound." But people go right on looking for the 'message' in everything Dylan writes, as though he were Aesop telling fables. Not being able to hear something, because you're too busy listening for the message, is a particularly American malady. There's a tragic lack of freedom on being able to respond to things because you've been trained to await the commercial and conditioned to listen for the bell.

Take a look at a great painting, or a Polaroid snapshot. Does it have a message? A song is a picture. You see it; more accurately, you see it, taste it, feel it ... Telling a guy to listen to a song is like giving him a dime for a roller coaster. It's an experience. A song is an experience. The guy who writes the song and the guy who sings it each feel



something; the idea is to get you to feel the same thing, or something like it. And you can feel it without knowing what it is.

For example: you're a sixth grader, and your teacher reads you Robert Frost's "Stopping By The Woods On a Snowy Evening". The poem sounds nice; the words are perhaps mysterious, but still powerful and appealing. You don't know what the poem "means" but you get this feeling; the idea of having "miles to go before I sleep" is a pretty simple one, and it means a lot to you. The poet has reached you; he has successfully passed on the feeling he has, and now you have it too.

Years later you read the poem again, and suddenly it seems crystal clear that the poem is about death, and the desire for it. That never occurred to you as a sixth-grader, of course; does that mean you originally misunderstood the poem? Not necessarily. Your teacher could say, "We want the peace death offers, but we have responsibilities, we are not free to die"; but it wouldn't give you anything. It's a sentence, a platitude. You don't even believe it unless you already know it's true. What the poet does is something different; walking through the woods, he gets a feeling that is similar to the idea your teacher offered you in a sentence. But he does not want to tell you what he believes; that has nothing to do with you. Instead, he tries to make you feel what he feels, and if he succeeds, it makes no difference whether you understand the feeling or not. It is now a part of your experience. And whether you react to the poem as a twelve-year-old kid, or an English professor, it is the feeling you get that is important; understanding is feeling, the ability to explain means nothing at all.

The way to 'understand' Dylan is to listen to him. Listen carefully; listen to one song at a time, perhaps playing it over and over to let it sink in. Try to see what he's seeing; a song like "Visions of Johanna" or "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands" (or almost any of his more recent songs) is full of pictures, moods, images: persons, places and things. "Inside the museums," he sings, "infinity goes up on trial." It doesn't mean anything but you know what a museum feels like to you; and you can see the inside of one, the particular way people look at things in a museum, the atmosphere, the sort of things that are found there. And you have your image of a trial, of a courtroom; perhaps you don't try to picture a lazy-eight infinity stepping up to the witness chair, but there's a solemnity about a trial, easily associable with the image of a museum. And see how easily the feeling of infinity slips into your museum picture, endless corridors and hallways and rooms, a certain duskiness; and perhaps the trial to you becomes the displaying of infinity on the very walls of the museum; like the bones of an old fish; or maybe the fact that museums do have things that are old in them ties in somehow ... there's no explanation, because the line (from "Visions of Johanna", by the way) is what it is, but certainly the line, the image, can turn into something living inside your mind. You simply have to be receptive ... and, of course, it is a prerequisite that you live in a world not too unlike Dylan's, that you be aware of museums and courtrooms in a way not too far different from the way he is, that you be able to appreciate the images by having a similar cultural background. It is not necessary that you understand mid-century America and the world of its youth in order to be a part of those worlds, or the songs will lose all relevance. This is true of most literature, in a way; and of course, Dylan also has his elements of universality as well as the pictures of the specific.

I could explain, I suppose. I could say that "Memphis Blues Again" is about displacement and tell you why Dylan would think of a senator as "showing everyone his gun". But the truth is, that wouldn't give you anything. If you can't feel it, you can't get anything out of it; you can sneer and say "it's commercialism" or "it's about drugs, and I'm above it" but not only are you dead wrong, you're irrelevant.

In many ways, understanding Dylan has a lot to do with understanding yourself. For example, I can listen to "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands" and really feel what the song is about, appreciate it, but I have no idea why "a warehouse eyes my Arabian drums" or what precise relevance that has. Yet it does make me feel something; the attempt to communicate is successful, and somehow the refrain "now a warehouse eyes my Arabian drums" has a very relevance to me and my understanding of the song. So it isn't fair to ask Dylan what the phrase means, or rather, why it works; the person I really have to ask is the person it works on - me. And I don't know why it works - i.e., I can't explain it. This only means that I don't understand me; I do understand Dylan - that it, I appreciate the song as fully as I believe is possible. It's the example of the sixth grader and Robert Frost all over again.

(to page 29)



# DAWN WALK

## by Robert McKenzie

In dawn walk on the mountain  
the somnolent city  
below  
in grey held mist  
sun seeps over earth surface  
in smouldering red line  
the center curving  
in time  
to mushroom cloud  
ever expansive  
to full bled sun  
the mithraic tendrils  
languidly playing a spectral symphony  
upon the strange striated clouds  
and on me  
I stood motionless with motion  
a tendril of knowledge  
creeping through my fixation  
recalling  
that the earth's atmosphere  
bends the sun rays earthwards  
so the sun is seen  
half an hour  
before it's really there  
and the sun does not rise  
the earth rotates towards it  
and the colours are only  
specific reflections  
of white light  
yet  
I have seen what I have seen  
and the day is coldest  
after dawn  
as Guaranteed Pure Milk goes out  
and I go  
knowing  
that when reality  
overtakes illusion  
the sun will be too bright  
for my eyes



# SUNNY RAIN

Days come  
some never go  
others happen but you feel like you never lived them  
some you remember as if they were the only day you had  
maybe it's sorrow and you want to die on your own  
maybe it's somebody's lips that tasted like you knew they would  
or maybe it's just you  
you said something nice  
and found a smile in a stranger's eyes.

You never know what's going to happen  
sometimes you don't want to know  
but you've got to get up  
you've got to pretend you're interested in the world  
you've got to lie and deceive until you want to be sick  
or sometimes it's so easy so lovely to leave your bed  
and know there's something someone softer waiting  
and you hold his face and wonder about real flowers.

What about apples and tears  
or cigarettes and night  
or stones and not-so-hard stones?  
I don't know.

It's just one of those days that you probably won't recall  
but oh how good you feel,  
hot tea, remembrance of soft rain upon your face.

-- Kay Brainin

## walking, walking

The music was like  
a burst from a giant seashell  
then silently placing itself  
like soft rain  
on some small petal  
that lay beneath.

A curled red ticket stub  
lies on the warm sidewalk  
freshly forgotten.

The thought struck me  
as I stumbled upon a floating memory,  
that the noble truths  
I held forth in days long gone  
have silently crumbled into  
childhood's foolish folly.

Now, as these lines are set down  
I am frightened and filled with wonder -  
For what will my future ways  
tell me to think of myself today?

The sun will always shine  
and the rain shall continue to fall  
but I would fall a million times  
if for one morning I could see you rise  
with the soft rain soothing your skin  
and the sun bouncing off your eyes.

-- Juan Rodriguez



# THE BEATLES

The Beatles' new record makes every other song on the Hit Parade appear sick in comparison. "Strawberry Fields Forever" is indeed an epic pop record, one which communicates, musically & lyrically, a few basic ideas on life that have seldom been expressed as evocatively in any popular media. The lines in the song ring out with some profound stances on life: "Living is easy with eyes closed / misunderstanding all you see...". In another verse John Lennon debates with himself about what is real and what isn't, what he should accept or reject, what he should think is bad or good. Then he takes you down to Strawberry Fields, where "nothing is real, nothing to get hung about, Strawberry Fields forever...". All of which leads us to the conclusion that we should accept life as it is, try to change it if we feel it necessary, and embrace it without pretense, guise or false motives. "It's getting hard to be someone / but it all works out / it doesn't matter to me."

Musically, "Strawberry Fields" is extremely progressive, a combination of a slow, conventional melody and electronic music. The thumping background drums keynote a both scary (the menacing brass section) and beautiful (the delicate electric guitar) atmosphere, over which a Lennon voice, distant & tinny, ponders and questions. The refrain, harmonized by Paul McCartney and Lennon, is particularly effective, sliding over a wonderful falsetto decrescendo rollercoaster. The record ends as a conglomeration of musical sounds (much of it played backwards), but it's all ingeniously worked out to fit between the basic beat and melody line. A beautiful record.

The flip side, "Penny Lane", is slightly similar to "Eleanor Rigby" in that it makes social

criticism; the words, however, are like something out of the Theatre of the Absurd. The characters in the song are straight out of Suburbia — a banker who "doesn't wear a mac in the pouring rain / very strange", a nurse "... selling poppies from a tray / and thought she feels she's in a play / She is anyway." And on Penny Lane there's a "fireman with an hourglass / In his pocket he keeps a portrait of the Queen / He likes to keep his fire engine clean / It's a clean machine...". The tune is bright and breezy with some interesting horn accompaniments.

The Beatles are not breaking up, as dirty old rumors have claimed. They have just signed a nine-year recording contract for EMI in London. No words can express my admiration for the Beatles. They are constantly experimenting and creating and originating, and changing many of the old fashioned concepts of music and art that we cling to. The Beatles make beautiful music.





ing him.

Lionel said, "He looks cold. Somebody get a blanket."

"Oh, leave me alone," he cried. "I am dead, let me go," and he opened the door to the bathroom and ended up in the hall. "Let him go," said Lionel, "it will do him good."

"Where's the bloody bathroom?" he said out loud, and then he said, "Don't ask me, I just asked you." As he got into the elevator, he fell down and thought, "That's strange, what am I doing lying down?"

The elevator door opened and a lady was standing outside and looking at him. "I fell," he said, "down." He stood up and ran out of the elevator.

"Napoleon was crazy," he confided to himself, "to think he was Napoleon." He ran through the streets, calling the stars by name, looking for a bathroom. All the shops were locked and he could not find a bar. He would have gone into some dark alley but he had a horrible dread that some monstrous thing was following behind him and he dared not turn around or stop running. His back was behind him, he could not protect it; there were shivers running through his back in anticipation.

At last, he found a bar which he reached just before the thing behind him. In the bathroom, smelling of urine and disinfectant, he felt himself coursing down the drain, into the sewers and underground rivers.

When he went outside again, the thing had given up and left. He was alone; the bartender behind the window was dead and propped against the bar. He walked through the winding catacombs of night and streets, looking for his way back. It began to snow, terribly softly and sweetly.

She had not wanted him to go and she had left the party, and was down in the streets looking for him, calling his name. He heard someone calling his name, like a whisper in his ear, and he smiled. Slowly, they drifted toward each other and coming around a corner, she was there and he said, "Hi," and she said, "Hi, where were you?"

"In the night," he said, "looking for you."

"I was looking for you too. They're all worried about you at the party."

He said, "I don't want to go back to the party. I can never go back to the

party - My brother is dead - God murdered him. 'Vengeance is mine,' saith the lord, and then he prowls the nights killing babies." A ragged sob was wrenched from him and he shouted at her, at the nameless snow, "Oh God, leave me alone," and he ran, flowing with tears, drunkenly into a parked car and spun around and ran into a wall.

She ran after him and reached him as he stumbled over some garbage cans, crying bitterly and she was crying too and it touched him and he hugged her and said, "Your tears look like pussywillows," and her face was wet with tears and smiles and he said, "If you kiss me, I'll turn into a frog prince." Their faces were slippery with tears and he kissed her and wished to die in her arms and protect her from the foul fiend.

A huge green dragon, gleaming with scales of green kryptonite and blasting fire from nostrils wide as furnaces, was laying waste to the city. Superman had been injured when he fell weakened by the deadly rays of the kryptonite. Batman was dead and was lying covered by his cape as he had fallen when the dragon broke his back with a murderous swing of his gleaming green tail.

He laughed for joy when he saw the dragon coming at them. She stood against the wall and he did battle bravely for her into the furthest echoes of night.





If you really want to understand Dylan, there are perhaps a few things you can do. Read the poems on the backs of his records; read his book when it comes out. But, above all, listen to his albums; listen carefully, and openly, and you will see a world unfold before you. And, if you can't see his songs by listening to them, then I'm afraid that all the explaining in the world will only sink you that much deeper in your sand trap.

We have established, I hope, that art is not interpreted, but experienced. (Whether Dylan's work is art or not is a question I'm not interested in debating at the moment. I believe it is; if you don't, you probably shouldn't have read this far.) With that in mind, let's take a cursory look at Blonde on Blonde, an excellent album which everyone with any admiration for Bob Dylan's work should rush out and buy at once.

Two things stand out: the uniform high quality of the songs (in the past Dylan's lps have usually, in my opinion, been quite uneven) chosen for this extra-long lp; and the wonderful, wonderful accompaniment. Not only is Dylan's present band, including himself on harmonica, easily the best back-up band in the country, but they appear able to read his mind. On this album, they almost inevitably do the right thing at the right time; they do perfect justice to each of his songs, and that is, by no means, a minor accomplishment. Blonde on Blonde is, in many ways, the quality of the sound, the decision as to what goes where in what order, the mixing of the tracks, the timing, etc. - one of the best produced records ever, and producer Bob Johnston deserves immortality at least. Certainly, Dylan's songs have never been better presented.

And they really are fine songs. It's hard to pick a favorite; I think mine is "Memphis Blues Again", a chain of anecdotes bound together by an evocative chorus ("Oh, Mama, can this really be the end, to be stuck inside of Mobile with the Memphis blues again?"). Dylan relates specific episodes and emotions in his off-hand, impressionistic manner, somehow making the universal specific and then making it universal again in that oh-so-accurate refrain. The arrangement is truly beautiful; never have I heard the organ played so effectively (Al Kooper, take a bow).

"I Want You" is a delightful song. The melody is attractive and very catchy; Dylan's voice is more versatile than ever; and the more I listen to the musicians backing him up the more impressed I become. They can't be praised enough. The song is lighthearted, but fantastically honest; perhaps what is most striking about it is its inherent innocence. Dylan has a remarkably healthy attitude towards sex, and he makes our society look sick in comparison (it is). Not that he's trying to put down anybody else's values - he simply says what he feels, and he manages to make desire charming in doing so. That is so noble an achievement that I can forgive him his pun about the "Queen of Spades" (besides, the way he says, "I did it ... because time is on his side" is worth the price of the album).

"Obviously Five Believers" is the only authentic rock n roll song on the album, and it reflects Dylan's admiration of the early rock n rollers. Chuck Berry and Larry Williams are clear influences. "I'd tell you what it means if I just didn't have to try so hard," sings Bob. It's a joyous song, harp, guitar, vocal and lyrics are all groovy enough to practically unseat Presley retroactively.

"Rainy Day Women #12 and 35" (the uncut original) is brilliant in its simplicity: in a way, it's Dylan's answer to the uptight cats who are looking for messages. This one has a message, and it couldn't be clearer, or more outrageously true. But somehow TIME Magazine still managed to miss the point: they still think that "Everybody must get stoned" means that everyone should go out and get high on drugs (Whaaa?). Evidently, they didn't hear where Bob says (about 200 times) that "They stone ya ..." Oh, well - everybody must get stoned.

I could go on and on, but I'm trying hard not to. The album is notable for its sense of humor ("Leopard Skin Pillbox Hat" and "Pledging My Time" and much else), its pervading, gentle irony (in "4th Time Around", for example), its general lack of bitterness, and above all, its fantastic sensitivity ("Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands" should become a classic); and, incidentally, whoever decided it would sound best all alone on a side, instead of with some other songs before and after it, deserves a medal for good taste.

"(Sooner or Later) One of Us Must Know" is another favorite of mine: in its simplicity it packs a punch that a more complex song would often pull. "Visions of Johanna" is rich but carefully subdued ("the country music station plays soft, but there's nothing, really nothing to turn off" ... I love that); Dylan's world, which in Highway 61 seemed to



# AMH • ME WITH A • V • Y WARH • L





Opposite page: Warhol (left) tells Bob Dylan of the time Elvis dropped into the Factory to pose for this unusual portrait. This page: (top) The Velvet Underground welcome all visitors with a friendly smile. That's Lou Reed in the middle - co-author of the article on the next page. (middle) Andy and Sid Bernstein, manager of the Blues Project & liner-note writer par excellence, talk business while Phil Ochs (white jacket) seems to be taking it all in. While he was in town, Donovan (bottom, left) stopped in to take a look at what Nico was reading. How nice. Stay tuned for more wunnerful pictures from Andy's private photo-album.



SEE! Andy Warhol's latest flick, "The Chelsea Girls" at your local neighbourhood underground theatre! Starring Nico, the Velvet Underground, and other stars; split-screen in living colour and B & W.



... all just for winning!  
No boxtops to send,  
no coupons to fill out!



CONCERNING THE RUMOR THAT RED CHINA HAS CORNERED THE METHEDRINE  
MARKET AND IS BUSY ADDING PARANOIA DROPS TO UPSET THE MENTAL  
BALANCE OF THE UNITED STATES.

(part 1)

## by Lou Reed & Angus Maclise

Hey, what about Indian music?

India has no war music.

O.K., how does this make it?

There is no war raga, but a stirring of the leaves.

Q: Carvel is a celestial form of Marshmellow. Donovan uses sitar and so do the Stones.

A: A raga is wherever you were last night. It takes more than one lifetime to play accomplished sitar. Now should this be maybe an authoritative spiel on Hindu sound?

Q: American Indians or Indian Indians!? Sitting Bull in love with the Great Black Goddess of Calcutta.

A: U.S. powdered egg receiving Hindu Indians. Chicago Ramakrishna Detroit Chandranavdan (Ali Akbar Kahn).

Q: Is this necessarily so?

A: Is this necessary?

Western music is based on death, violence and the pursuit of PROGRESS. The scat, rout, meaningless words, MANTRAS are called seed-syllables. SEED ... Anyone with an appendectomy is a life dependent, modern man. There are 10,000 frames of mind. There is 1 mind. There are 104 basic ragas. The root of universal music is sex. Western music is as violent as Western sex. Right hand metaldrum is the male finger flying heartsblood. The idea of the pursued ignores questions of weather. Left hand wood bigger drum slowest female heartbeat. Whether. Or not the drone; was that psychedelic or extrasensory. There is no such thing as the Indian influence. It's freaking around riffs aloft serpentine SCALES. Reproducing a raga is like driving a Honda. Blonde. Ravi Shankar didn't stay in the Himalayas 7 yrs. What to do if you know the theory of positive and negative integers. Is there a race problem in India? Are they hungry? Everybody I know has that look in their eye like when they've got 3 seconds left. Musicians will be reborn as Gods (God?). An answering tambourine, the mating cymbal (sp.?) octorina (on the Trogg's "Wild Thing") paramecium mating through sympathizing strings and table players answering each other across huge traceless continents.

In the declining Moghulcourts (decadent) the vocal raga refined (developed) to such a degree that a singer singing a midnight raga at noon would bring darkness wherever the sound of his voice reached. Groups such as the Stones, Yardbirds, Beatles, et al, appropriated the style of the raga but this only meant a link and generated their own style and conception which was not Indian or Arabic but was all to the good because they were not Indian or Arabic and perhaps not even English.

You make your own your own before own someone's is your's owned.

Before India became civilized there were no learned tracts on the grim Chinese. There were learned tracts on several ways of saying yes. The vital lie of terminal salvation



(Understanding Bob Dylan, from page 29)

be bubbling over the edges of its cauldron, now seems very much in control. Helplessness is still the prevalent emotion ("honey, why are you so hard"), but chaos has been relegated to the periphery. Love is all-important, and love, as everyone knows, has a certain sense or order about it, rhyme if not reason. No one has to ask (I hope) what "I Want You" is about, or "Absolutely Sweet Marie", or "Just Like A Woman" which I want to cut out of the album and mail to everybody. The songs are still a swirl of imagery, but it is a gentler less cyclonic swirl - more like autumn leaves.

Blonde on Blonde is a cache of emotion, a well-blended package of excellent music and better poetry, blended and meshed and ready to become a part of your reality. Here is a man who will speak to you, a 1960's bard with electric lyre, and color slides, a truthful man with x-ray eyes you can look through if you want. All you have to do is listen.

---

was not the reason for India's lovely obsessive classification of love and whatnot. The Dakinis wore bikinis on Fire Island. India has a 500 mile beach called the Coromandel Coast. The Germans were not interested in capturing it; they just wanted great paintings.

Wow.

Prostitutes were accorded great respect in the ancient India of old. The act of love was the foremost way you could get closest to god. There is no god and Mary is his mother. Schopenhauer appreciated the finer things. And a good joke. Rock and roll as a baby sonnet is a blue-eyed lovely ladies bonnet. Aye - caps are the sequins on a stripper's costume. The V.U. is the Western equivalent to the cosmic dance of Shiva. Playing as Babylon goes up in flames. Except for John Cale Nero. As though it needed an answer. Gertrude Stein and Virgil Thompson requested cheaper seats for Porgy and Bess. Does the U.S. Army band play Beatle music? Do Vietnamese hookers frug? Hucklebuck? How come? I'll tell you how come.

Hindu sounds have been sucked into Rand R like a sideglance - Hey watch out for the rocochet. I hear Indian clothes will be the next thing in diskotek threads - Bell-bottom Nehru trousers with, "Fred, will you be a dear and zip my sari?" "Saris don't have zippers." "They will when they get here."

(part 2 will tell why 'Happiness is a warm drone.' and what candied tongue is and a few other interesting things. watch for it next issue.)

...you thought of Pop-Sec-Cul.



# BY Aaron W. Howard

California is where it's all happening, baby! At least musically, for the West Coast houses the innovators and musicians who are playing the new rock sounds. The Byrds, Jefferson Airplane, Grateful Dead, Country Joe & the Fish, the Mothers of Invention, the Doors and the 13th Floor Elevators are among the hundreds of rock groups who are coming from California with a new music, new ideas and new modes of presentation (the creation of a total environment).

A survey of the above groups covers the total range of music coming from the West Coast. It includes representatives from the various music schools of today. Whether you take these groups stoned or straight, they are all saying something and most of it is worth listening to.

The Byrds, certainly the most pop-

ular of the psychedelic groups with singles like "Eight Miles High" and "Fifth Dimension" which were banned on most North American radio stations. They play an electric folk-rock music, overloaded with sound and energy, designed to overload your senses (if you attend one of their live concerts) or pictorially relate of a map of the acid consciousness if you are stoned. Their newest album release, "Younger Than Yesterday", is not much of a step in any direction since their last album. Their music is tightly interwoven and shows some flashes of genius, but the album generally falls below the level of "5-D". Outstanding are "Have You Seen Her Face", "C.T.A. - 102" (it begins to pall after the sixth time), "Everybody's Been Burned" (a sor-

# THE HEART IN SAN FRANCISCO WEST COAST MUSIC





rowful ballad that haunts you the more you hear it) and a Bob Dylan tune "My Back Pages" (their new single). The Byrds are accomplished artists of the studio recording; they are professional, not very spontaneous, and sometimes a little too slick. But devotees of the pulsating kilowatt music will enjoy this album a great deal.

"Surrealistic Pillow" by the Jefferson Airplane is one of the most important recordings of the last year. The Airplane operate out of a total environment sound musically and a total love bag vocally. Marty Ballin and Grace Slick

handle most of the vocals. Their harmony is subtle and light, a blend of open, friendly hippie love and minutely clear and powerful lines (especially when Grace handles the lead vocal). The best example of this is "White Rabbit", a trip through the Lewis Carroll wonderland. Their instrumentation is fuzzy, loud, overwhelming, exciting and very spontaneous (listen to their creative runs on such sides as "3/5 of a Mile in 10 Seconds" and the instrumental "Embryonic Journey"). The lyrics are gooey at times but radiate an honest, spring time love. The best example of their love songs is the popular "Somebody



to Love"; the sarcastic "Plastic Fantastic Lover" is a beautiful put-down of Hollywood love and "Comin' Back To Me" is one of the more sentimental songs in this era of hip love. The more you listen to this album, the more you will find; and the more you find, the more you realize Jefferson Airplane has finally arrived.

The Greatful Dead, reputed to be the best group in San Francisco today, are a departure from psychedelic sounds. They play straight rhythm and blues and head a school of musicians like the Canned Heat who feel that nitty-gritty soul sounds are where it's at. Their first release is hard rock with none of the acid embellishments or gimmicks other groups are employing. Part of their recording contract states they will have final say over the production of their records and their first effort is a straight, highly polished, tight, exciting blues thing. "Morning Dew" is probably the most outstanding cut on the album with a intricate ten minute blues run. Jerry Garcia, lead vocalist, comes off rather well on "Cream Puff War" and "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl". The instrumental section is paced by Pigpen, famous organist and hippy patron saint. At this writing, I have only heard this album a few times. It takes a while to tune in to the Dead; but after reaching their musical level, one finds they provide a tough, hard, imaginative, hard rock trip.

Country Joe and the Fish are pure hip. I am told they have a style akin to the jug band good-time music of Kweskin or the Spoonful when they play in person, but a small E.P. (impossible to get outside of S.F. or New York City) I purchased a short while ago does not convince me of that. Led by Country Joe MacDonald on vocals and harmonica, the group plays very acid music. Side one

is an instrumental called "Section 43" which, outside of some jazz things, is probably the most psychedelic cut I've heard on record. Two other cuts, "Bass Strings" and "A Thing Called Love", feature good back-up work from Barry Barthol on organ and David Cohen on guitar. It is pure Frisco-Berkeley warm, open rock!!!

By now, everybody must have heard of the Mothers of Invention, freaks of the recording world. They head a small but highly vocal school of rock-freak-spew-flower spurt music. At this time, a new album has been released in New York called "Absolutely Free", but is not available for review by deadline. The Mothers are a surprisingly musical group and it will be interesting to see where they go on their new album.

A pleasant surprise from Southern California is a group called the Doors, whose initial album has surprised many people. The vocals are handled by Jim Morrison who renders outstanding versions of "Back Door Man", an updated "Alabama Song" and "Twentieth Century Fox" (a slight goof on the hip chick of today). Ray Manzarek, organist, and Robby Krieger, guitar, emerge as fine musicians when given the opportunity. Their runs on "Light My Fire" provide the listener a trip that grows in power and intensity that climaxes with a screaming duel and a powerful closing vocal note by Morrison. "The End", a psycho-sexual epic, brings down the album however; it is shlock and pretty bad shlock at that! Discounting most of the cuts on side two, the album is an unrelenting, pulsating sexual trip. The Doors can only improve this effort; for a first album (and remember, the Doors have been playing as a group for a few months) it is a good initial release.

(continued on page 38)

# CRAWDADDY!

THE MAGAZINE OF ROCK AND ROLL

REVIEWS, COMMENTARY, NEWS, CRITIQUES, INTERVIEWS AND HISTORY MAKE UP THE MAGAZINE WHICH PAUL NELSON OF SING OUT! CALLS "INDISPENSABLE" AND ISRAEL YOUNG SAYS IS "THE ONLY INTELLIGENT SOURCE OF INFORMATION IN THE FIELD TODAY." WRITE TO CRAWDADDY! 319 SIXTH AVE., N.Y., N.Y. 10014. SIX ISSUES FOR TWO DOLLARS.



## THE VIET NAM WAR

## IS NO COMIC BOOK

For all intents and purposes, this was an enjoyable issue. The contents, we hope, were interesting and informative; most of the articles concerned themselves with aiding the reader in appreciating various aspects of music, etc. It's all fun and games, and that's okay, because that was what it was meant to be.

However, as we all know, or should know by know, there is a war going on. The recent be-ins and peace marches in New York and San Francisco were good signs that some people are concerned with what is really "Happening". We think more demonstrations should be taking place all over, in your town or city. Let your political representative know, really know, what you feel about the war. This is the only way that you can do anything about a war you are really not fighting, but nevertheless, through non-action, are passively supporting.

In future issues of Pop-Sec-Cul we plan to run serious articles on serious subjects, such as the Viet Nam war, political and moral corruption, race relations, etc, as well as printing essays on the more enjoyable aspects of our life.

But let's not forget: war, and a lot of other crummy things, have crept into our environment. All is not so swinging. It's up to us to treat them in a conscious serious manner and take action. By doing something about things we don't want, we at least have a chance of living full lives; if we do not, our chances will vanish quicker than we can see.



("West Coast Groups", from page 36)

The 13th Floor Elevators' album is a big goof-on the person who might buy it. The Elevators are one of the groups from the school that is exploiting acid. They have produced an album that is musically and lyrically poor and will only sell because the lyrics are filled with references to psychedelics, complete with 'turned on' album cover and liner notes. An album of this caliber is designed to make a few dollars on a current craze and will be found a year from now selling in some bargain basement for 99 cents. Save your mind and your money here!!

A short survey is not good enough to do justice to the sounds that are being produced today. It is intended to acquaint the reader with some of the basic trends and some of the better names in the California scene today. It will be worth your time and money to invest in a few of these albums. See for yourself where it is all happening.

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(Krassner, from page 12)

A: Johnson? I don't know. I kind of think that prickiness has no political definition.

A: Do you think that he could possibly represent some sort of throwback?

Q: Well, that's a point. It's easy for me to talk about Johnson's prickiness, but there's a fact that he does in some ways seem to be the voice of a lot of people. There's a lot of hostility and emotional patriotism and I guess patriotism is by definition emotional. Or maybe I should say uneducated patriotism. But that may be by definition too. And he represents this. I hear little old ladies in the supermarkets saying, "Why don't we just bomb Hanoi and get it over with?" So if you talk about Johnson's inhumanity you have to talk about theirs.

Q: Of all the stories that you've published what have been the most controversial?

A: Let's see, different ones at different times. The first time we got involved with the four-letter word syndrome was the interview with Albert Ellis where we just discussed the semantics of profanity. That disturbed a lot of people. See, the controversy often ranges within the mind of the beholder. So, for example, with the Tim

Leary interview some people said, "Aha, I knew it, he's a madman." Some said, "Aha, I knew it, he's a genius." And one young Marxist said, "Aha, I knew it, he's a counter-revolutionary."

Q: How about the most complimentary reactions to any piece you've published? Did you ever get a letter from a president commending you?

A: No, because it would probably be a form letter. I guess the most complimentary thing is when people challenge their own assumptions or areas of taboo or thinking process, or areas that they thought they couldn't find any humour in, but they did. I consider that much more gratifying than to be thanked for something printed that somebody already agreed with.

Q: What's your hobby?

A: I breathe.

Q: What do see for the future of the 'Realist'?

A: I don't know. Maybe I'll open some Realist Key Clubs. I don't know, the future is always the next issue, really. The future is really to just keep doing it.

Q: Do your other commitments take a piece out of the 'Realist' at all?

A: Well sometimes. I'm now doing a column for 'Cavalier' and one for 'Ramparts' and some stuff for a Canadian television show called New Generation. I feel a little bit guilty about publishing stuff there rather than the 'Realist'. But what I'm trying to do now is get in to print the stuff that's too strong for the mass media and not strong enough for the 'Realist'. I was thinking of starting a new magazine called 'Limbo'. But a lot of this stuff in this limbo area I've already done. For example in the September issue of 'Cavalier' I did a column on word symbolism, the four-letter words, profanity and so forth. And I probably wouldn't have done it in the 'Realist' only because as I've said before, we've done so much on it and it has a whole lot of four letter words without using one. Which is fun to try to do. But it was kind of important to get it into a mass magazine.

Q: You put out 10 issues a year?


A: Yeah, in spurts of course. I mean any girl who tried to measure her menstrual periods by the 'Realist' frequency would think she was constantly knocked up.

Q: Doesn't that make it difficult for distribution?

A: Well we're going to try and get on a regular schedule.

Q: What's the Realist's present circulation?

A: It's 60,000 now. It's larger than that because it gets passed around a lot.

5393 Van Horne Avenue, Montreal 29, Quebec, Canada . Good-luck! 

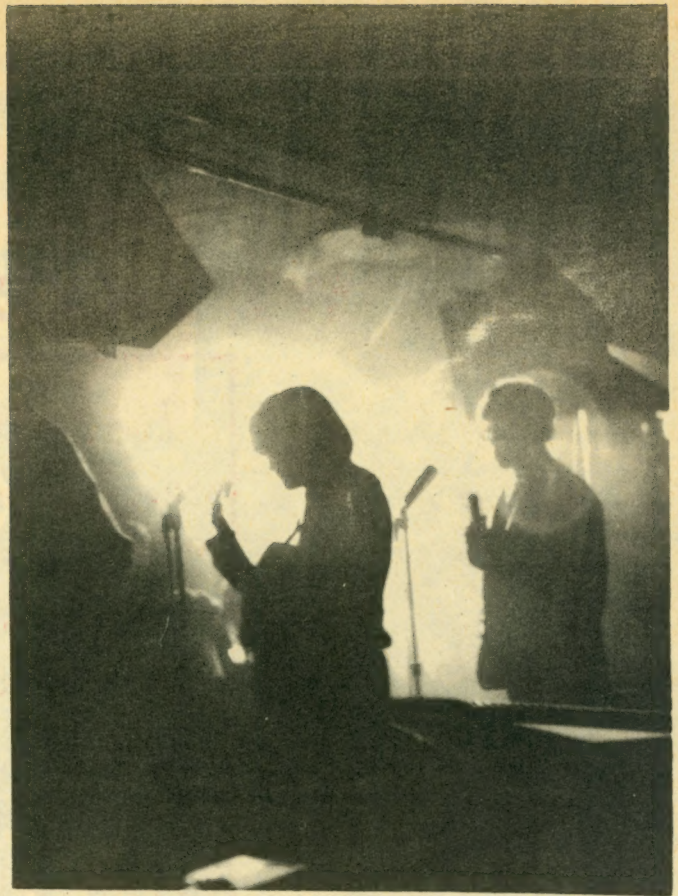


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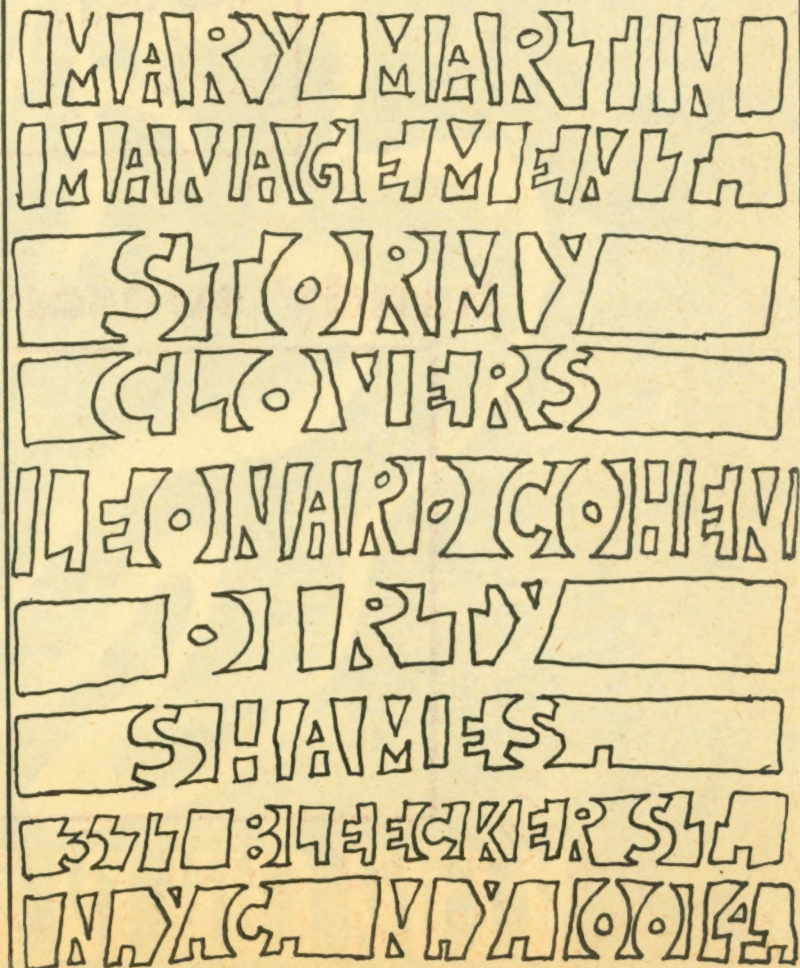


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